

As on a mountaine top the Cedar shoves,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yong Clif.* And so renowned soueraigne to armes,  
To quel these traitors and their complises.

*Rich.* Fie, charity for shame, speake it not in spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yong Clif.* Foule Stigmatike, thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, you'le surely sup in hel.

*excunt omnes.*

*Alarmer to the battaile, and then enter the duke of Somerset and  
Richard fighting, Richard kills him vnder the signe of the Castle  
in saint Albons.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there and breathe thy last.

Whats here, the signe of the Castle?

Then the prophesie is come to passe,

For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,

The which he alwaies did obserue,

And now behold, vnder a paluy ale house signe,

The Castle in S. Albons,

Somerset hath made the Wiffard famous by his death. *exit.*

*Alarmer againe, and then enter the Earle of*

*Warwicke alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Comberland, tis warwicke calls,

And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarmer,

And dead mens cries do fill the empty ayre:

Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,

Prowd Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,

Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

*Clifford speaks within.*

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes

with his murdering curtelaie, through the fainting troupes to

find thee out.

*War.*

Warwicke stand still, and stirre not till I come.

*Enter Yorke.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford, noble lord,

Five horse this day, slaine vnder me,

And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,

But I did kil his horse he lou'de so wel,

The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to  
fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chafe  
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

*War.* Braue lord, tis for a crowne thou fightst,

Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper wel to day,

It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild. *exit Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,

Be this the day of Doome to one of vs,

For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate

To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foote to time,

Vowing neuer to stir, til thou or I be slaine,

For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,

Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of Yorke.

*Alarmer, and they fight, and Yorke kills Clifford.*

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,

Come fearefull Henry groueling on thy face,

Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke. *exit Yorke.*

*Alarmer, then enter yong Clifford alone.*

*yong Clif.* Father of Comberland,

Where may I seeke my aged father forth?

O dismall sight! see where he breathlesse lies,

All smeard and wetred in his luke-warme blood,

Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,

Sweete father, to thy murdered Ghost I swear,

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